4d.

ÆSOP

Eng. Poetry vol. 10.

FROM

Islington.

——Secretum divitis ullum
Esse putas? Servi ut taceant, Jumenta loquentur
Et Canis, & postes, & marmora. —— Juven;
——de te Fabula narratur.

Printed in the Year, 1699.

26. Januar. 8.

ÆSOP

FROM

Milton.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

ÆSOP *it ſeems is in faſhion, and becauſe it's a kind of Cuſtom to date him from ſome Waters, (like his Predeceſſors) I had as good make uſe of* Iſlington, *ſince it is not very far from thence to* Weſtminſter, *which I believe is the end of his Journey. The Fables were written to pleaſe one of Judgment; and whether they will*

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will please any Body else is more than the Author knows, and whom they will not please he cares not. There is a mode in Prefaces too, and jocond one to these loose Papers in the Modern Tripping Stile, wou'd perhaps pass them off better; but there are few in these days have reason to laugh, (except those that win) unless it be after the rate of Mark Coleman, *the* Oxford *Madman, who in his description of* Bedlam *said they there made one Sing, and Laugh, till ones Heart akes.*

It may be another account of Æsop *than what we have had from* Plaundes Camerarius, *&c. wou'd help to piece out a Leaf; and because one may be given of him, that the less studious part of the Town is not well acquainted with, there shall be a hint of him, which is, that he is not the man we take him to be, but in stead of the* Samian *Slave, we must seek him in the* Arabian *or* Indian Lohkman, *which is of an Ancienter Date than any* Greek *Imitator of him. For it is no news to the Learned World, that those* Grecians *we so much admire, (for what reasons let Schoolmasters tell you, for I can't) were but wretched Filchers, and worse disguisers of the* Eastern *Wisdom, and patch'd up their* Æsop *from an* Eastern *Sage as they did their Fabulous* Theban Hercules, *from the Nobler and much older discovering* Tyrian *Merchant, as the name* [Herakol] *implies, and better Accounts than theirs inform us. This might be illustrated and explain'd, by some curious, and useful* Arabian *and* Persian *Quotations; which no doubt*

doubt would be call'd Scrawls, and Pothooks; and therefore Æsop or Sad-coloured Monsieur Lohkman, with the Princes he was Councellor to, and the Occasion of his Fables for the present is omitted; it may suffice in general to know, that Fables and Parables were much more in use among the Beaux Esprits of the East, than they are with ours (tho' it be a Fabling Age) and were the proper means among them, of conveying Truths to those, who had a Symetar and Bowstring (without the help of Speech-makers and Evidences) at the Service of Wiser and Honester Men than themselves; who aim'd at Mercy, Truth, Honour, and the Publick Good. This may serve for an Excuse for this digression, and for the design of the Fables too; and if they are stop'd or enquir'd after, it may serve also for as good a Justification of our boasting Englisth Liberties, by way of a Trifle, as the Suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act were in good earnest.——

ÆSOP

ÆSOP
FROM
Iſlington.

FABLE I.

Of the Countryman and Snake.

A Pitying Yoeman found a frozen Snake,
Which almoſt ſtarv'd with killing cold did quake:
('Twas when a Baſilisk the Vermine drove
Forth from his Grott, and ſhelter of the Grove;)
When

When home he took the wretched Refugie ;
Daily renew'd his Charity ;
And made the Crawling Thing one of his Family
Who with the plenty of the place
Soon chang'd his ſallow meager Look ;
Erects his Creſt, hiſt with a Grace,
Gentile and haughtier Airs he took ;
Caſts off his ragged Skin, the Houſhold Rules,
Deſpiſes all the honeſt Hinds, and counts them
(bubled Fools.
Long with the Inſolence they bore
of this ſame Wrigling Worm,
They never were ſo us'd before,
So ſnap't at ev'ry turn :
It bit their faithful uſeful Dogs,
Gnaw'd things with Weeſils, Rats and Mice
Join'd with the poyſnous Toads and Frogs
Spawn'd in unwholſom neighbouring Bogs,
In every baſe Device.

But

But when the Childrens Milk is ſoak'd,
The Buttery clear'd, the Dairy rob'd,
They'd be no longer ſo provok'd,
Nor by their Maſters Favourite fob'd:
But ſhew'd themſelves like Men:
For out they drove with many a whwack,
The Sawcy interloping Snake,
To ſtarve abroad agen.

MORAL.

Beware fond Brittains *how you Favourites chuſe,*
No more the Scum of other Lands maintain:
To foſter Forreign Things forbear;
For all you'll by the Sharpers gain
Will be their old Scorn'd Wooden Shooes,
And a Fools Cap to wear.

FABLE II.

Of the Steward *and his Dogs.*

A Steward of a very large Eſtate,
Set up for living ſplendedly and great,
Dogs of all Countrys and all ſorts
For miſchief moſt, and ſome for ſports,
In order to't this *Nimrod* Spark provides,
And more in ſuch a rout of Currs he prides,
Then all his Squiriſh Equipage beſides,
The Tenants ſore were vex'd and griev'd,
And often beg'd to be reliev'd:
They ſwarm'd with Tykes of ſeveral Nations
And different qualities, and faſhions;
Engliſh Bull-Dogs that wink and bite,
No matter whither wrong or right;
Who when ſet on with loud Halloo's
Diſtinguiſh not 'twixt Friends and Foes.

Frend

French Spaniels who can fawn when ſtarv'd,
But ſnarl when full, and turn is ſerv'd,
Dutch Dogs with Warlike Looks and Miens,
Who ſtill in Danger ſave their Skins,
Greedy and ready to devour,
But on the Wolf's approach would ſcour.
With ſuch each Country Farm is fill'd
Their Cattle worried, Poultry kill'd,
And all their ſtore conſum'd and ſpoil'd,
The Clowns in dread of Life and Limb,
Petition'd many a doleful time
For eaſe, from dangerous, uſeleſs, Beaſts,
By whom they were ſo much oppreſt,
The Steward grave, as oft reply'd,
You know w'are on the Foreſt ſide:
Out-Laws and Wolves, may ruin all,
And then too late for help you'll call.
We know the danger cry'd the men,
And that from Otters of the Neighbouring Fen;

But yet tho' routs of Wolves and Thieves ſhoul
(come

They're not ſo dangerous as theſe Curs at home
By ſad Experience we the difference know
Between a Foreign and Domeſtick woe ;
Theſe Dogs undo us, and we pay for't too.

Ag^t yt Army.

MORAL.

May theſe by whom keeping ſuch Dogs is encourag'd,
Have their Seats made free Quarters, and their Lan
(bravely forag'

FABLE III.

The Pump.

A *Welch-man* (from his Hill's came down)
Saw a ſtrange Engine near a Town ;
A high erected Poſt there ſtood,
Crown'd with a *Janus* head of Wood ;

O

One of whoſe Faces look'd to th' Country,
T'other Phyz o're the Town was Centry,
A Clown cloſe by gave it many a thump,
And told admiring *Taffy* 'Twas a Pump.
With this ſide I my Cellar drain and dry
With t'other I my Waters want ſupply,
Here's all I have which in this bowl ſtands by.
Sot, quoth the *Briton*, why doſt toil?
Here's not a drop comes all this while.
T'other ſtrait pours the diſh of Water
Into the Pump: thou mendſt the matter,
Cry'd *Taffy* Laughing, why doſt waſt
The Water thou already haſt:
Vext with his Ignorance, the Clown
Replied if ever thou hadſt known
How wiſer men can uſe a Tool,
Thou wouldſt not prate ſo like a Fool:
I threw this diſhful in, thou ſilly Lout
Becauſe I'm ſure to get a Tubfull out.

Agt ye Comons in Pliamt.

MORAL.

No wonder ſome profuſely give their Coin
'Tis eaſie being liberal on deſign.
Money well plac'd at time of need we know
Tho' ſprinkled but by Pounds makes Millions flow.

FABLE IV.

Of the Bear and the Bees.

COld *Moſcovy* (as ſtory tells)
Is fam'd for Czars, the Bears:
That it in Honey too excell'd,
From the ſame Books appears.
There's ſcarce a hollow-Tree that grows,
When cut, but Honey from it flows.

A Plundering Bear about did roam,
To many a hollow Oak he troop'd,
Greedy he was, oft chang'd his home,
As oft the Pillag'd Trees he Scoop'd:
The Witleſs Bees ſaw him devour,
Their Summers toils, and Winter ſtore
Call'd it perhaps protecting too,
Leſt other Beaſts the like ſhould do,
And ſeem'd to be content,
At length when he enlarged his rounds,
(For Rapine ſcarce knows any bounds.)
To a Farm-houſe he went.
The Bear his wonted raving drives,
To run a muck at all the Hives.
The Bees who had with patience born,
The rifling of the Foreſt round;
Enrag'd, their all was from them torn,
And that their laſt retreat he found,
With Indignation roſe in ſwarms,
With one conſent all flew to arms,

And all assail'd the Bear:
In numerous clusters round they hung;
Never was prowling Beast so stung,
As he was every where.
Vast Numbers goard his tender Snout,
Some his two shining Favourite Eyes,
He rages, storms, and cuffs about,
Both mad and blind to shun them trys:
Among the rest there's none attack'd him more
Then even those Drones who snack'd with him be-
(fore.
In vain for aid he roars and bawls
In vain his kindred Cubs he calls;
The Floods and Woods that Interpose,
Keep all things from him but his Foes.
Till torn, and bloody, thro' the bogs he flys,
And by those insects he cou'd once despise
Raving, and Venom'd, for his Rapine dies.

MORAL.

Whoever D' Alva *like Eſſays*
To uſe oppreſſing means and ways,
Will find the conſequence but bad;
Oppreſſion all things over rules
Not only raiſes ſwarms of Fools,
But makes a wiſe Man mad.

FABLE V.

Of the Shepherd, Boy, and Clowns.

A Shepherd Boy had oft abus'd
Many an honeſt Country Fellow,
Tho' one wou'd gueſs that folks ſo us'd
Were at the beſt but ſomething ſhallow,
Yet they had mixtures of good Nature,
Made them believe the unlucky Creature.
To Neighbouring Villages he'd run,
With frighted looks and diſmal tone,
And roar out, Help! or I'm undone?
Sometimes 'twas Thieves wou'd cut his Throat,
Then, O the Wolf! was all his Note;
Thus when he was of danger yelping,
The ſturdy Lowts wou'd run to help him.

Together wou'd ſcour th' Aſſociated band,
And each with Life, Fortune, and Dung-fork in (hand,
But as ſoon as they came to the Sheep-cote, and (Flock,
All they had from the Jearing young Whelp was (a mock:
Or at beſt he'd but ſhow them, hang'd up on a (Bough
Some poor Wheſil or Polcat for a deſperate Foe:
And after wou'd boaſt with his roguiſh Comrades,
How finely he had bubled the clod-pated Blades,
At laſt the Swains found out the Trade
And no more heſten to his aid:
But when in earneſt Wolves and Thieves
Attack his Flock, there's none believes,
But wounded and plunder'd he juſtly is crying
For abuſing good Nature, and bantring and lying.

MORAL.

If once I by a Knave am caught,
'Tis his, if twice, 'tis then my fault.
Who on Deſign will Plots and tricks deviſe
Tho' he his bubbles ne're ſo much deſpiſe,
At length to his coſt, finds Blockheads will grow wiſe.

FABLE VI.

Of the Ox and the Leeches.

TO a fed Ox whose overflowing blood,
Ran from his mouth and nostrils like a flood,
Some Leeches from th' adjoining Marches came,
And cry'd to cure him they'd divert the stream,
Each fix'd himself in a convenient part
And drein'd the Blood and Spirits from his heart.
The panting Beast beheld the Leeches mud,
Enrich'd and cover'd with his Purple blood.
But when they talk'd how much their help did (please,
And with what skill they drew off the Disease:
The fainting Ox (finding his Vitals fail)
Cry'd where's the difference if my Life, Blood flows
By usual maladies thro mouth and Nose,
Or against nature thro' a Leeches Tail. MO-

MORAL.

When ſtory tells how tax'd and Bleeding France
Suffer'd by Favourite Leeches heretofore ;
Which of them did her miſery moſt advance
Th' Unnatural Catamite or natural Whore ?
We well may Judge the ſeveral Meſtreſſes,
And Baſtards, of fourth Harry *no Diſeaſe,*
When once compar'd with Sodom's *Sulphrous Flaſhes*
That flam'd and ruin'd with the third's Bardaſhes.

FABLE

FABLE VII.

Of a Mother and her Son.

A Knowing Mother in a Country Town,
Found a Rich Widow for her Looby Son:
Her Fellow Goſſip lik'd the Brawny Lad,
The Mother courted, and the Match was made.
When on the Noon of brisk S. *Valentine*,
Our Lover blubber'd, nay he cou'd not Dine:
The Mother wondring why he left his Fodder,
And cry'd, and curs'd, and kept a doleful pother;
The o're-grown School-boy ſtrait ſhe took aſide,
And ask'd the whimpring Youngſter why he cry'd
That ſhortly was to have both Wealth and Bride.
Who quick repli'd, in Fury mixt with Snivel,
I give all Women Wealth, and Brides to th' Devil:

I'de

I'de rather have the Greyhound-bitch, or Sow,
They'l make the better Spouſes of the two. (lows.
Why Rogue, quoth She, Marry, or take what fol-
S. Ads-Nines I wont, I'de rather to th' Gallows.
M. What Reaſon? *S.* Why this Morning I deſign'd
To have my Miſtreſs for my Valentine,
To ſteal a Kiſs, up Stairs I ſoftly tread,
But ſaw a Sight ready to ſtrike me dead,
She and the hectoring Cornet both a Bed.
M. O wicked Carrion! faith I'le make her known,
'Slife ſhall a Strumpet think to catch my Son?
Hold, Mother, crys he, home I ran to find
You, and my Siſters both, to eaſe my mind,
But ſaw, through the Latch-hole of the Dairy,
Another Motive for Man to Marry,
Dol and the Trooper at the ſame Figary.
M. O wretched Jade! I'le break her Neck, I'le
(teach her
To damn her Soul with ſuch a Ruffian Letcher:

She trots a begging ſtrait. *S.* Good Mother hold
He ſobbing crys, the Storys not all told,
Up then I went, and open'd *Jinnys* Curtains,
To tell my Siſters Tricks, and my Misfortunes;
But my Young Landlord ſtarts, draws, bans and fwears
Heel cut my Throat, then tumbles me down Stairs.
The Mother bellows more than he — *M.* O Whores,
You'd I were dead — but both ſhall out of Doors;
Thou ſhalt have both their Portions — faith I'le rout them,
Not a crackt Groat but what they have about them.
S. Zounds Mother, Peace — pray let the Girls alone,
Hear my damn'd Story — to the Cart I run
And took a Rope, then to the Barn I went
To end my wretched Life with full intent.
One always at ſuch times ones ſelf prepares,
I crying ſung my Pſalm, and ſnob'd my Prayers.

Scarce had I done, while fitting up the Nooſe,
I ſaw—*M.* Hold Child—*S.* I think the Devil
broke looſe
You and the Threſher climb upon the Mow,
And manage matters there, you beſt know how.
Purpoſe to hang my ſelf I ſtrait let fall,
But came my ways, wiſhing to hang you all.
The Mother clear'd her Brow, then winck'd and
(ſmil'
'Tis general Coupling-time thou ſilly Child;
Go to thy Miſtreſs Fool, ſh'has Mony ſtore,
That whitens all things, and heals every Sore.
Wealth, all Defects, and Crimes, away will ſtrik
Chooſe where you will, perhaps we are all alike

MORA

MORAL.

Let the fair gentle Sex not look a-skew,
'Tis a vile Story, and can ne're be true.
May I ſuſpect the Mothers Sex in't, when
Methinks ſhe talks confounded like a Man
In theſe degenerate, and corrupted days,
Women are fitteſt ſubjects of our praiſe.
Woman no Country ſells, nor Land enſlaves;
(Unleſs the curſed Prieſthood goes their halves)
Truſt, Faith, and Honour, they engroſs alone;
No baneful Woman evidence is ſhown.
With them the chiefeſt Joys on Earth we prove,
They ſoften Cares, and crown our Toyls with Love.
Of Avarice this Fable bids beware,
Money to wretched Man's the ſureſt ſnare,
This chief Vice-gerent of the Prince of Air.
Nothing ſhows more than this the Power of Coin,
Whoſe force even makes ſuch fallen Angels ſhine.

FABLE VIII.

Of the Man and his Idols.

A Superſtitious Man had damn'd ill Fortune,
Loſſes come daily on, Revenues ſhorten;
As daily he, that every thing might hap well,
Ador'd ſome guilded Idols in his Chappel:
Much time he loſt, much Incence ſmoak'd in vain,
And nothing from the ſenſleſs Things cou'd gain.
Him did a Friend, pitying his want of ſenſe,
And want of Mony, labour to convince:
So Reaſon fooliſh Zeal did once o're come,
When back'd with Rage, and Poverty at home.
Half-witted Men run often to extreams,
To Atheiſm from Superſtitious Dreams.

Which

Which made him knock his gilded Pagods down;
The Family ran gladly to his aid,
Hoping the bigot ſtarving Trade was done,
And they no more ſhou'd famiſh while he pray'd.
When from their broken Trunks vaſt Treaſures flew,
Enough to make him eaſy while he liv'd,
This heap of Pelf, of which he nothing Knew,
Was by ſome wealthy Anceſtor contriv'd:
Who for his wiſe Poſterity did hoard,
And thought Religious Dread, the Sureſt Guard.
O'rejoy'd he crys, let others Pray and Bow,
I've turn'd you to the fitteſt purpoſe now.

MORAL

MORAL

In times perhaps as hard as Hal *the Eighths,*
What if a ſhining Church help'd pay our Debts.
What if in State the Expedient now
On ſome fine Things were try'd;
Who their gay out-ſides daily ſhow,
And mightier Treaſures hide.

FINIS.